

LOGAN TEAM VICTORIOUS

In the Game With Fast Congo Team.

SEVEN TO ONE

Score. Reinhard Pitched Good Game.

One more scalp was added to Logan's varied and increasing collection last Sunday, in the game played here with Congo. In 1905 Logan was led to the block and literally slaughtered by this team, by a score of fifteen to six. Revenge, spelled with three r's and a roll, was taken in this last game. The visitors were somewhat weakened by the absence of some of their old players. Bennett, who pitched a star game for them last year, was wofully easy this time, being touched for ten singles, most of which were away out of anybody's reach. Reinhard, the young Columbus pitcher who was with the West Side Nationals when they played here July 24, was in the box for Logan, and did



beautiful work. Camp's bingling was the prominent feature of the game. Jones, a new man, played third for Logan, and made good in very nice style. Jakey Kleinschmidt, at short, fielded his position in excellent fashion, and sacrificed twice during the game.

FIRST INNING

Brunton grounded to Beck; Murray struck out; A. Wilson's grounder to Jones was missed on a hard chance. Bennett struck out. Camp singled and stole second; Jones flied to Coulter. Webb singled, scoring Camp, Beck hit to left center, and Webb, attempting to make home, was put out at the plate by a long throw from center; Stultz popped to Brunton.

SECOND INNING

Jenkins and Coulter fanned; Andy Wilson hit safely but died in an attempt to steal second, Cauty to Stultz. Dill drove a grounder to Brunton that was too hot to handle, and got second on a muff by that baseman; Kleinschmidt sacrificed along first base line and was run out by Bennett, Dill taking third and scoring on a passed ball. Cauty popped out to Brunton, and Reinhard grounded, Bennett to Quinn.

THIRD INNING

Moore singled, Quinn sent a grounder to Kleinschmidt, and Moore was put out at second; Stultz threw wild to Beck in an effort for a double-play, giving Quinn second. Brunton struck the ball on top, rolling it in front of the plate, and Quinn was caught, Cauty to Jones, trying to make third on the play. Murray caught a pitched ball in the short ribs. A Wilson singled, and Brunton scored Congo's first and only

run. Bennett fouled to Beck, a long run and a fine catch by Beck, within a few feet of the fence. Camp again singled and stole; Jones grounded, Brunton to Quinn; Webb's grounder was thrown wild by Moore. Beck grounded to Brunton, and the latter, anxious to get either Camp or Webb, made stabs at all three bases but failed to throw the ball, and Camp quietly took third as the bag was uncovered. Stultz hit, scoring Camp; Dill fanned, and Kleinschmidt grounded, Bennett to Quinn.

FOURTH INNING

Jenkins hit the ball just in front of the plate, and was thrown out, Cauty to Beck. Coulter singled. Andy W. grounded to Beck, and Beck played to Stultz, catching Coulter. Moore fanned.

Cauty grounded, Brunton to Quinn, and Reinhard struck out. Camp sent a splendid "legner" over third base, but was caught in his third steal to second, Murray to Wilson.

FIFTH INNING

Quinn fouled to Jones—a fine running catch by Jones. Brunton struck out, and Murray flied to Camp.

Jones grounded, Brunton to Quinn, Webb flied to center, and Beck to right.

SIXTH INNING

A. Wilson singled, Bennett gave an easy grounder to Reinhard, and Wilson was thrown out, Reinhard to Stultz. Jenkins grounded, Stultz to Beck—a nice assist by Stultz; Coulter struck out.

Stultz grounded to short. Dill hit, and was sacrificed to second by Kleinschmidt. Cauty fouled to Murray.

SEVENTH INNING

Andy Wilson grounded, Kleinschmidt to Beck, and Quinn ditto, Moore fanning.

Reinhard grounded, Bennett to Quinn, Camp fouled high to Murray, and Jones flied to Coulter.

EIGHTH INNING

Brunton's third strike was dropped by Cauty, and he was thrown out at first. Murray singled, and camped at first, Wilson flying to Camp, and Bennett grounding gently to Reinhard.

Webb's grounder was thrown away by Wilson, but he died in attempting to steal second. Beck singled and stole, scoring on a following hit by Stultz. Dill fanned. Kleinschmidt droye an easy grounder to Andy W., and the latter, after fielding it within twenty feet of first bag, threw over Quinn's head, advancing Stultz to third. Cauty grounded, and Quinn muffed the throw. Stultz scoring; Reinhard's grounder to second was fumbled, and Kleinschmidt and Cauty scored on a wild throw from Coulter. Camp singled, for the fourth time in the game. Jones grounded, Brunton to Quinn.

NINTH INNING

Jenkins grounded to Jones, and died at first. Coulter hit, Duffly, who went in in Andy Wilson's place, singled and stole. Moore fouled to Jones, and Quinn flied to Kleinschmidt, ending the game with the score seven to one.

The score:
LOGAN, AB R H PO A E
Camp, rf..... 5 2 4 2 0 0
Jones, 3b..... 5 0 0 3 1 1
Webb, lf..... 4 0 1 0 0 0
Beck, 1b..... 4 1 2 9 1 0
Stultz, 2b..... 4 1 2 4 1 1
Dill, cf..... 4 1 1 0 0 0
Klein'dt, ss..... 2 1 0 1 3 0
Cauty, c..... 4 0 0 8 4 0
Reinhard, p..... 4 0 0 2 0 2
Total..... 36 7 10 27 12 2

CONGO, AB R H PO A E
Brunton, 3b..... 4 1 0 2 4 1
Murray, c..... 3 0 1 6 2 1
A. Wilson, cf..... 4 0 2 1 1 0
Bennett, p..... 4 0 0 1 4 0
Jenkins, rf..... 4 0 0 1 0 0
Coulter, lf..... 4 0 2 2 0 1
Andy W., 2b..... 3 0 1 2 0 4
Duffly, 2b..... 1 0 1 1 1 1
Moore, ss..... 4 0 1 0 1 1
Quinn, 1b..... 4 0 0 9 0 1
Total..... 35 1 8 24 12 9

The score by innings:
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Logan, 1 1 1 0 0 0 4 x—7
Congo, 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1
Stolen bases: Duffly, Camp (2), Beck. Sacrifice hits: Kleinschmidt, 2. Struck out: by Reinhard, 9; by Bennett, 3. Hit by pitched ball: by Reinhard, 1. Passed ball: Murray, 1. Left on bases: Logan, 7; Congo, 8. Earned runs: Logan 3; Congo, 1. Umpire: Kelley, of Congo. Time: 1:30.

Social and Athletic Club Building.

(American Issues.)

Straitsville, Ohio, has a \$12,000 social and athletic club building, intended to supply the need of the young men and boys of the place for social recreation. Straitsville is indebted to Hon. E. S. Martin, member of the 77th General Assembly, and a resident of the place, for this valuable help to morality. He planned and carried into effect the raising of this building and was the largest contributor to its success. We gather these facts from the New Straitsville Record, in which a leading editorial credits Mr. Martin also with an unusual number of worthy acts and enterprises in the community.

In a letter to this office, Mr. Martin, under date of July 5th, 1906, says in part regarding this club building:

"The thought has been deeply impressed on me for years that there are other ways to combat the saloon—its influences and results—besides through the churches and the leagues. I do not mean to intimate that the churches and leagues are not doing great and good work, but that there are other ways open that will reach men—young men especially—that are not reached by the churches and leagues, and toward these other ways the churches and leagues can consistently only look with friendly eyes.

"For twenty years I have had in my mind and heart intentions to establish in this mining town, with its numerous saloons, a People's Club on a scale large and liberal enough to provide a place where men—young men especially—could go for proper entertainment and pastime, there being absolutely no such place of entertainment here, which left but the saloons for men to frequent. Last year I was at last enabled to do this and we have here now in full and self-supporting operation 'The Straitsville Social and Athletic Club's Club House,' which has been built and equipped at a cost of about \$12,000.00."

The issue takes great pleasure in noting this act of public spirited generosity upon the part of Mr. Martin, and commends his example to all who are able to follow it. It has long been our opinion that one of the best ways to combat the saloon is to put something better in its place.

Must Make New Levy.

Attorney General Wade H. Ellis has decided that in school districts where the levy has been fixed too low to raise enough money to pay teachers a minimum \$10 monthly, as provided in the Duval law, the board of education can be compelled to make a new levy.

This is not effective in districts where the school enumeration was too low.

It was the intention of the law to anticipate this by state aid, but no appropriation was made, and the teachers will have to be content with the best salary they can get.

School teachers cannot be compelled to do janitor work, according to the attorney general. In some sections boards of education have attempted to require it as a condition of getting a contract to teach.

Ohio laws give authority to teachers to dismiss their schools for any legal holiday. General Ellis says when this is done no deduction for absence can be made from the teacher's pay.

Man, Poor Man!

Man that is born of his parents is of few days and full of microbes and prunes. He goeth to the school when a youngster and getteth the bosom of his trousers loosened with a shingle for something he did not do, until he is sick at heart and bath to stand up to take his meals. He groweth up like a weed in the back yard, and soon reaches the age when he is composed principally of feet, freckles and an appetite for pie.

About the time he gets too long for short trousers and too short for long ones, he goeth away to college learneth how to monkey with a three dollar fiddle and play stud poker. He cometh home a bigger fool than ever and marieth a sweet young thing whose pa is supposed to be wealthy, but whom he afterwards ascertaineth,

couldn't buy a prize rooster at a county fair. He worrieth along year and year gradually acquiring offspring until his house resembles a Sunday school class just before Christmas. He fretteth all the day and lieth awake at nights trying to figure out how to keep himself and dependent population from going to the poor house. His efforts are rewarded by having his daughter run away and get married, and bring him home a son-in-law every few days to feast at his board. His sons grow up and call him governor and set him back a ten-spot every day or two. About the time he has acquired enough to make it worth while for his heirs to quarrel over, he gets run over by an automobile. His sons blow in his estate on bad whiskey and plug hats and his wife puts on the finishing touches to his career by marrying the hired man.

For Farmers.

Any farmer can now build his own mail box. This is in accordance with a ruling of the United States post office department. Heretofore, rural mail boxes were a matter of controversy, the government taking steps to monopolize the mail box business and forbidding the use of any except certain types which were furnished by the post office department.

The new ruling permits the use of any kind of a mail box, provided it protects the contents from theft and is waterproof. As the prices of boxes have in the past been rather exorbitant many people, though living on the regular routes, have not purchased them. Under the present policy it is expected that every family living within reasonable distance of the route will have its own place for receiving mail.

A Tristate Diamond.

Probably in no other part of the United States, except in East Liverpool, O., is there a baseball diamond from which it is possible to bat a ball into any one of three states. Such a condition actually exists at the grounds which have been leased for the Klondike club there. The diamond is laid out on a lot which is known as "State Line corner." If a batsman makes a hit over third base the ball will be sent into West Virginia. Should a foul tip result the catcher would have to chase the ball into Pennsylvania. If a straight drive or a bunt is made the ball will bow into the state of Ohio. Taking advantage of this freak of nature, the Klondike club is going to advertise the fact that its club will play ball in three states simultaneously.

Game laws.

The game laws were changed but little during the last session of the general assembly, but the changes made will be found below in a condensed compilation of the laws. Read the laws carefully and you may save yourself trouble and money.

The laws follow:
Quail—November 15 to December 5. Can be shot only when flying and not more than eighteen killed in any one day.

Wild Goose—September 1 to December 1, and March 1 to April 20.

Wild Duck—September 1 to December 1, and March 1 to April 20.

Pheasants—Protected until November 10, 1908.

Rabbits—November 15 to December 5.

Squirrels—September 1 to October 15. No person allowed to kill more than ten squirrels in any one day. Cannot sell squirrels.

Raccoon—September 1 to March 1.

Skunk—November 1 to February 1.

Fishing—Unlawful to use pound nets, trammel net, lyke net, set net, seine or fish trap, trot lines, bob lines, set lines or float lines and spearing.

Unlawful to catch black bass between May 1 and June 1. Unlawful to buy or sell, or offer to sell, bass to be caught or had in possession under ten inches in length.

Unlawful to catch or pursue any turtle except with a single seine or net the meshes of which are not less than 4x4 inches.

Minnows may be caught for bait with seine not exceeding four feet in depth and ten feet long.

STEAMSHIP ENGAGEMENTS

By C. B. LEWIS

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It may have been that in the hurry and confusion of getting away from London the purser of the steamship Bumble got things mixed up. He knew that he had among the passengers no less than three fond American mamma who had been trailing over Europe with marriageable daughters and were coming home with disappointed looks, and he hoped to give one of them a last chance.

However it happened, it was known among the passengers even before the Bumble left her dock that a great man was on board. It was Mr. Julius Smithers of the Chicago beef trust, and his fortune was variously estimated at from ten to fifty million dollars. There were men who at first denied that Smithers was a member of the trust. They could name over every packer who had ever been mentioned in the papers, and the name of Smithers didn't figure in the list. They were about to denounce him as an impostor when a red headed man suggested that Smithers might have come into the trust on a merger of some sort. There were mergers merging all the time, and what if the beef trust and the tombstone trust had consolidated their interests?

The thing was as good as settled in an hour. Mr. Smithers was a man of forty. He was rather round and bald headed. He had just the faintest inclination to be flashy. Mr. Smithers was very democratic for a man worth untold millions. He made acquaintances rapidly, and the steamer had not made a hundred miles to the westward when he started a game of poker in the smoking room and had for companions a drummer, a cattleman, a ward politician and the inventor of the sausage stuffing machine. He was given a seat at the captain's table. It was afterward said that this was a mistake and



"I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN. IN FACT, I WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN."

that he had taken the place assigned to a bishop. If he hadn't been worth millions upon millions his table manners would have been open to criticism.

There was much to overlook in Mr. Julius Smithers or there would have been under any other circumstances. He was about the only one who didn't know it, and he was happy.

Within forty-eight hours those mamma were laying wires. If they had failed to pick up a lord, a duke or count abroad it wasn't such a bad thing to fall back on one of the "its" of the beef trust. Mr. Smithers could not only restore the family beefsteaks to the old time prices, but he had millions to spend in castles, yachts and diamonds. These mamma had made friends abroad, who were instructed to obtain information about Smithers. He met them halfway and more.

"Say, you take my word for it, it's going to be the biggest success of any thing for the last ten years," was his sanguine reply. "You'll hear all about it within a month after we land. Money in it? Well, I guess yes. I expect to make hundreds of fifty-dollar bills."

He was talking about the merger, of course. His replies were reported to the waiting mamma, and they were introduced. The said introductions came about in a careless way, as if by mere accident.

The mamma found him hearty and jovial in his speech. He didn't always follow the rules of grammar, and he sometimes caught himself just in time to bite off a cuss word, but a man may be forgiven much if he can draw his check for several millions.

It was decided in all three cases that Mr. Smithers would do as a member of the family. When he became a son-in-law they could polish him up a bit and gradually reduce the size of his two watch chains and his diamond pin.

Then the daughters were introduced. This was also carelessly accomplished—that is, while Mr. Smithers was making intervals between his poker games in order to get a breath of ocean air he would suddenly find some one in his path and be compelled to pause and be introduced. He wasn't a man with a grain of suspicion in his composition, and he was the son of good nature. He gave up his poker to sit down and make himself agreeable to Miss Blank.

"You may have heard of the beef trust" was his way of starting off the conversation. "It's going to be the biggest thing the United States ever heard of. My, but that was a great thought of mine, and I can't help but feel rather swelled up over it! No more bust-ups; no more walking the railroad tracks for Julius Smithers, Esq."

The girls elevated their eyebrows in surprise and perplexity. They had never heard any merger talk before, and it was as Greek to them. They reported to their respective mamma that Mr. Smithers didn't get into college

the day he called, that his ways were rather familiar, that he evidently hadn't attended over a thousand high teas and grand receptions and that it would take a carload of sandpaper to rub him down, but he had a good heart as a foundation to build on. If his conversation wasn't exactly up to the notch the windup was intended to draw applause. He always finished by saying:

"I shall now have to ask you to excuse me, but I will see you again. In fact, I want to see you again. I think I can figure it out before we arrive at Sandy Hook to offer you the best thing of the season, but keep that to yourself."

"Mamma, what did he mean by that?" asked the respective daughters of their respective mothers.

"Why, child, how silly you are!" was the reply. "What could he mean but one thing?"

"But we have known him such a little while."

"You haven't got to know a millionaire over a day or two. They are different from other men. They have the cash."

There were men aboard looking to get into a good thing on the ground floor. They knew that the beef trust was a good thing. They threw out hints to Mr. Smithers, but he laughed and shook his head and replied:

"Not yet, my boy. I've got the dough to start it off, and I want all the plunks there are in it. See me next season."

"Will beef go up?"

"Thunder, no! We expect to knock the price down to 15 cents a pound."

"Then how will you make your millions out of it?"

Mr. Smithers didn't make any direct answer. He simply winked a long, quivering wink with his left eye and conveyed the impression that there was a coon up the tree. The merger man enjoyed the sunshine of flattery and envy and toadyism for five or six days.

Then Sandy Hook was sighted one morning, and he announced to the three scheming mamma that he wanted to hold converse with their three daughters. It was to be private converse. There was agitation. There was perturbation. There were consultations. Mr. Smithers selected a corner of the music room, and to that spot the victims were led in turn. The conversation was about the same in each instance.

"My dear girl," began Mr. Smithers, with paternal blandness. "I told you I had a good thing on hand and would try to arrange to make you an offer. I am about to do so. You have never had any experience on the stage, but you are a mighty good looker."

"Sir!" demanded the maiden as she retreated a step.

"Oh, I shan't ask you to dress unbecomingly. It's just a plain, straight play called 'The Beef Trust' and showing how that corporation by raising the prices parted two happy lovers and brought grief and death to other households. Three corking acts and a cast of twelve people. We introduce a drove of cattle, a slaughter house and a butcher shop among other spectacular effects. Will move right along without a hitch. Papers are bound to give it free columns of advertising. I can put you in the cast at \$30 per to begin on. What do you say?"

None of the three said anything—not to Mr. Smithers. Ten minutes after the last interview a murrain swept over the great steamer. That was followed by a growl. After the growl came cries of "Kill him! Throw him overboard!" There was a rush of feet along the decks, but Mr. Smithers was pulled into the purser's room and saved from total wreckage, and when the steamer reached her dock the captain lent him a pair of false red whiskers to disguise himself and escape the mob.

Baptism in Morocco.

This is the way an infant is christened in Morocco: "When the first child is born—and the parents are accustomed to wish for a girl as a happy omen—the mother of the young matron sends a basket containing the layette of the infant, along with beans, eggs and pigeons. The baby is stained with henna from head to foot and the little body smeared with butter and wrapped in flannels. The seventh day is the day of baptism. At the first hour of the morning the friends are invited to the repast. About 9 o'clock a 'taleb,' or, better still, a 'shereef,' sacrifices a sheep on behalf of the child and as he cuts the animal's throat pronounces the sacramental words, 'In the name of God it is the baptism of such an one, son of such an one.' Then the child is washed for the first time, henna is put on its hands and feet, knot under its eyes; it is clothed in its finest robes and put into its mother's bed, at the head of which lighted tapers are burning."

Setting Mother Right.

"I'm sure, Ethel," said the girl's mother sternly, "that I saw him kissing you last evening."

"Nonsense, mother! He's entirely too bashful!"

"Don't contradict me, child! I saw the performance with my own!"

"Pardon me, mother. You merely saw me kissing him."—Detroit Free Press.

Diplomatic.

"Mr. Gidsmore," began the young man, "when you proposed to your wife—or to the estimable lady who is now Mrs. Gidsmore—did she tell you to ask her father?"

"She did, my boy," affably replied Mr. Gidsmore.

"And did you try to shirk the job?"

"Well, come to think of it, I did. I—I believe I tried to get her to do the asking, 'pon my soul! Ha, ha!"

"And when you did ask him—of course you had to speak to him finally?"

"Of course I did; of course."

"And when you did ask him did you kneel shake, and was your tongue dry, and did you have stage fright generally?"

"I was scared to death."

"Well, that's the way I feel. I told Gladys I knew I could find some mutual bond of sympathy between us when I came to tell you that she has promised to marry me."

—Life.

FIRST CASE OF LYNCH LAW.

The Hanging of a Murderer by His Father in Ireland.

So many different versions and explanations of the term lynch law have at various times been given and occasionally are even yet added to that it seems fitting to recount the tragic incident which has since given a name to so many calamitous occurrences not only in our land, but on occasion also in that of others.

The very name of "lynch" gives the direct clue to the land of its origin—Ireland. Thackeray in his "Irish Sketch Book" in Chapter 1, which treats of Galway, thus speaks of an occurrence within its precincts which in 1842 bore the gruesome "memento" so grimly described in the words following:

"Then there is Lombard street, otherwise called Dead Man's lane," with a raw head and crossbones and a memento mori over the door where the dreadful tragedy of the Lynches was acted in 1493. If Galway is the Rome of Connaught, James Fitzstephen Lynch, the mayor, may be considered as the Lucius Junius Brutus thereof. Lynch had a son who went to Spain as master of one of his father's ships and, being of a wild, extravagant turn, there contracted debts, drew bills and alarmed his father's correspondents, who sent a clerk and nephew of his own back in young Lynch's ship to Galway to settle accounts. On the fifteenth day young Lynch threw the Spaniard overboard. Coming back to his own country, he reformed his life a little and was on the point of marrying one of the Blakes, Burkes or Bodkins or others when a seaman who had sailed with him, being on the point of death, confessed the murder in which he had been a participant.

"Horror! the father, who was chief magistrate of the town, tried his son and sentenced him to death, and when the clan Lynch rose in a body to rescue the young man and divert such a disgrace from the family it is said that Fitzstephen Lynch hanged the culprit with his own hands. A tragedy called 'The Warden of Galway' has been written on the subject and was acted a few nights before my arrival." — New York Times.

One Thing at a Time.

The last king of Hanover, before that state was incorporated into the Prussian kingdom, was for many years blind. There was living at the court an English lady, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, who, with her wit and learning, entertained his majesty. The blind king delighted in her conversation, and for many years she would save up every interesting story she heard so as to tell it to him. It is remembered that one day she was telling him a story as they were out driving together. Suddenly the horses started and the carriage seemed about to upset.

"Why do you not go on with your story?" said the king.

"Because, sir, the carriage is just going to upset."

"That is the coachman's affair," said the king. "Do you go on with your story."

HURRY CALL FOR A BRIDE.

Extremity of a Labrador ("King" When the Bishop Came.

Every summer when the coast of Labrador is fairly free and vessels can approach that foggy and forbidding country the bishop of Newfoundland makes a trip as far north as the ice permits. He finds much to do in giving comfort and counsel, christening the infants that have been born during the winter, preaching funeral sermons and uniting the betrothed, who await him at the fishing stations.

Landing at the Seal islands once, he found an assemblage clad in its level best at the house of the "king," or leading factor, for the king, having buried four wives, had resolved to take a fifth, and he had gathered the neighbors to witness his joy in the acquisition.

There are not many neighbors in Labrador, but there were enough in this instance to fill both rooms of his house. When the bishop had been warned and welcomed and was prepared to speak the words that would fill the Seal islands with rejoicing he discovered that the union was impossible because the bride and bridegroom were too nearly related.

"The church forbids this match," he declared, and great was the sensation. The bride sank down in tears of mortification and temper, and the bridegroom scratched his head in bewilderment. Something had to be done, and quickly, for it might be a year before a clergyman appeared on that coast again.

"Oh, well, there's plenty of others," said the king, brightening as he surveyed his guests. He turned to a woman in the company and asked: "Will you have me, Lizzie?"

"Not for a gift!" exclaimed the guest indignantly.

"Will you have me, Jane?"

"Not if you were the last man on Labrador."

"How for you, Morgart?"

"Never!"

The king looked ruefully over the wedding party and, spying the cook at the far side of the room, marched over to her resolutely, seized her by the arm, saying, "Come along, Sue; you'll do!" dragged her, none too willing, before the bishop, and they were married.—Youth's Companion.